Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire requeſt,
Vntent his perſon, and ſhare th'ayre with vs.
Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely,
He makes important poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe,
And ſpeakes not to himſelfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at ſelfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hott diſcourſe,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himſelfe. What ſhould I ſay,
He is ſo plaguie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be lead,
At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.
Vliſ. O *Agamemnon* let it not be ſo,
Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: ſhall the proud Lord
That baſts his arrogance with his owne ſeame,
And neuer ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſaue ſuch as doth reuolue,
And ruminate him-ſelfe: ſhall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Shall not ſo ſtaule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
This Lord go to him. *Iupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder *Achilles* go to him.
Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.
Diom. And how his ſilence drinkes vp his applauſe,
Aia. If I go to him: with my armed fiſt ile puſh him ore the face.
Agam. O no, you ſhall not goe,
Aia. And he be proud with me, Ile phe.ſe his pride,
Let me goe to him.

Vliſ.